Albion Rediviva;

IN A

POEM

TO

His Majesty;

On His

Happy SUCCESS.

By Mr. *Charles Whitworth.*

Post hoc, secundis usque laboribus
Romana Pubes crevit: & impio
Vastata Penorum tumultu
Fana Deos habuere rectos.
Dixitque tandem Perfidus Annibal:
Cervi luporum præda rapacium
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere, & effugere est triumphus.

Hor. Lib. 4. Ode 4.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's-Head* near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, MDCXCV.

Albion Rediviva,

IN A

POEM

TO

His Majeſty.

CALM was the Day, the Heavens ſerene, and mild,
Thro' the glad Sky in gentle Glories ſmil'd;
No ſullen Winds beat o're the Azure Plain,
Or in huge Fleeces drag'd unmelted Rain;
But ſoft, and wanton Zephyrs all around,
Diffus'd their balmy Bleſſings o're the ground:
Such was its face, when tender Nature lay
In the firſt Bloom; where an untainted ray
Shot thro' the Dawn, and kindl'd up the Day.

When *Albion*, than the lovely Morn more fair,
To Viſit Mighty *Neptune* did prepare:
She who e'rewhile her Watry Courts did fly,
Forgetting Love, forgetting every Joy;

She, who all open to the bitter Air,
Flung thro' the Woods, indulging wild Deſpair;
She ſaw the Glories of her Iſle decay,
And Eaſe, and Wine, her Wanton Sons betray;
She ſaw her ſelf a Prey to foreign fraud,
At home neglected, and deſpis'd abroad:
This the Nymph ſaw, and on a Moſſy Bed,
Diſſolv'd in Griefs, couch'd her Inglorious Head.

But now freſh Honours play'd around her Face,
Love ſoften'd ev'ry Charm, and Joy improv'd each Grace:
She too with niceſt Art compos'd her dreſs,
Studied her Beauties, and took care to pleaſe.
Rich waving Treſſes down her ſhoulders flow'd,
And preſs'd her Mantle with a balmy load;
This, (ſhe on Sacred Triumphs only bore,)
Much for its Wealth was priz'd, but for its Figures more:
For here her Nymphs expreſs'd their various toil,
In happy Draughts deſcribing *Albion's* Soil.
Here even Plains expanded to the eye,
In Wealthy Fields, or Pleaſant Meadows lye:
Thro' theſe, in Silver Streams, ſoft Rivers glide,
Infuſing Wealth and Life on every ſide:
O're the Rich Soil their wond'ring Mazes ſtray,
Well pleas'd, and would for ever loſe their way.

On their proud Banks erected Mannors ſtand,
Relieve the Sylvan Scene, and Crown the Land;
Thro' the glad Lawns a happy mixture's made,
The Cities Glories, and the Rural ſhade;
With various Beauties, Art and Nature move,
That cauſes Wonder, but This raiſes Love.
Here riſing Hills ſwell gently o're the ground,
Their ſides with Flocks, their tops with Forreſts Crown'd;
Where ſturdy Oaks do rear their lofty head
O're the black Grove, and caſt an awful ſhade,
From whence our Fleets their Naval Forces draw,
Preſs the wide Seas, and give the World a Law.
Here ragged Rocks ſhut up the weary ſight,
Whoſe hanging Ruines Plains beneath them fright;
Yet this wild Horrour does not fail to pleaſe,
Quickning the ſight, was dull'd with too much eaſe.
Such were the Wonders in her Mantle wrought,
But the Nymphs Art exceeds the Poet's thought.

Her Helm of temper'd Steel ſeverely gay,
In ſtreams of Light us'd to return each ray;
But now freſh Laurels round inwreath'd appear,
And Triumph ſoftens the ſtern face of War.
In her Right Hand a knotty Spear ſhe bore,
And on her left a pond'rous Buckler wore.

So Vigorous *Pallas* looks, when from afar,
Her ſtormy *Scythians* rouze their Bands to War;
With eager joy ſhe graſps the maſſy Shield,
Shakes her tough Dart, and ſprings into the Field.

To her Old Palace dreſt in this array,
Wing'd with returning Love ſhe took her way;
And now with haſty ſteps had reach'd the ſtrand,
Where the bold Waters gain upon the Land;
Claſping her mould'ring ſhores with dangerous joy,
And when they moſt embrace, then moſt deſtroy.
The little Waves in gentle riſings flew
Cloſe to the ſhore, and the lov'd Goddeſs knew;
And open'd way to her beneath the flood,
Which heaving round, in Cryſtal Arches ſtood.

Begin my Muſe, thoſe Sacred Truths reveal,
Night, and the Ocean, did ſo long conceal;
ut ove ly *Trenta* in ſoft murmurs told,
As from the Sea her eaſie Waters rowl'd.

Beneath the mighty flux, whoſe working guides
Th' unſtable Sea, and rules the reſtleſs Tides;
Where never Fiſh with daring boldneſs preſt,
But the Old Flood ſleeps in Eternal reſt;

Spreading

Spreading ſo wide, and deep, the vaſt Abyſs,
That Fancy ſtarts, and dreads the Precipice;
Their blooming boſoms flowry lawns unfold,
Free from the ſad Extreams of Heat, and Cold:
Round theſe tall Groves their ſhady Honours ſpread,
Which know no Winters, and no Tempeſts dread;
Where Nymphs, and Sea-Gods, in their Noon of Day,
With Eaſe, and Love, melt the ſoft hours away.

Here, firmly temper'd by Almighty hands,
The maſſy Flood, in wondrous Fabricks ſtands.
Full of himſelf, here *Neptune* holds his Court;
And all his wat'ry Powers, with joy reſort.
Here, what the Sun has ſeen in e'ry Stage,
From his firſt dawn, down to this waining Age;
What greater Treaſures from our greedy ſight,
Kind Providence has drown'd in Waves, and Night;
With dazling luſtre to confound the Eye,
Deſire, and Envy, loſt in Wonder lye.

But what the Nymph moſt ſenſibly did pleaſe,
Was a fair Portrait of her Native Seas.
Two Floating Armies on the Waves were ſhown,
The lab'ring Waves beneath them ſeem'd to groan:
Proudly they riſe, and bounding o're the Main,
The Winds, thoſe Ancient Enemies, diſdain.

And well they might, did not raſh Man engage,
Inſtruct their hate, and arm with Death their rage:
For ſtraight ſhrill Trumpets them to Battel ſend,
And the gay Scenes, in Clouds, and Horour end.
From their large ſides vaſt flakes of Sulphur fly,
And with loud noiſe, and tumult rend the Sky.
Not foaming Surges claſh with half that rage,
When adverſe Winds, with ſtubborn Fronts engage
The *Brittiſh* Squadrons with brave fury cloſe,
And boldly preſs on their retreating Foes;
Who with ſpread Wings to their faſt Shores retire,
Or ſcatter'd in vaſt burning Wrecks expire.

Here He repos'd, when Lovely *Albion* came;
Reviving Joys her wiſht return Proclaim:
Neptune ariſing, own'd her powerful Charms,
And preſt the Goddeſs in his eager Arms.
Who thus began.

Chain your bleak Storms, and lay your Waves with Care;
And clear the hazy Miſts which choak the Air:
WILLIAM, my Conquering *WILLIAM* comes from far,
Crown'd with the Glories of a happy War.
Fortune, tho' long injurious to the Brave,
Succeſs to Virtue, and his Merits gave;

Heavens!

Heavens! had ſhe but with Juſtice view'd his Arms,
Soft Peace, e're this, had huſh'd theſe rude Alarms!
Ah! Pardon, Mighty Sir, my tedious Zeal,
Who fondly, what you better ſaw, reveal:
For griefs, and joys, like mine, no bounds will know.
But in fierce Eddys, o're drown'd Reaſon flow.
I, who ſtill brighter broke from all my Woes,
Still ſtruggl'd, and ſhook off my ſhatter'd Foes;
I, whoſe rough Sons, grown bold in Blood and Toil,
Durſt with proud Wars the trembling Nations ſpoil;
Began at home inſenſibly to fade,
From good to bad, from bad to worſe, betray'd:
I ſaw, but ſaw in vain, my wretched State,
Infirmly tottering on the verge of Fate.

But when the ſtorm was burſting o're our head,
And our Chill'd Spirits ſeem'd already dead;
When Human Reaſon did the Task decline,
And our Hopes ſtartl'd at the vaſt Deſign;
WILLIAM aroſe, and my loſt Cauſe did own,
Reliev'd a Nation, and deſerv'd a Crown.
My drooping Sons, whom ſuch brave Deeds inſpire,
Stretch their ſtiff Limbs, and feel the Martial Fire;
From Beds of Down, with Generous ſhame they throng,
Wond'ring th' enervate Joys could pleaſe ſo long:

They wiſh the threatning Tempeſts would engage
To try their worth, and teach them how to rage.
But Fortune fearing what ſuch Souls might do,
When *Fame*, and *WILLIAM*, did their Virtues Woo;
With faint Succeſs would their new Spirits tame,
Blaſt their young hopes, and daſh th' Aſpiring Flame;
Yet ſtill in vain, her temper'd Wraths did ſhower,
They bravely ruſht thro' all, and call'd for more;
WILLIAM, like Palms oppreſs'd, did higher grow,
And tir'd her hate in the laſt ſhapes of woe.
Thus her worſt malice but confirm'd the Brave,
And Honour equal to the Danger gave.
'Till of theſe Foils aſham'd, ſhe chang'd her ſide,
And Priz'd the Hero, ſhe ſo long had try'd;
Who unconcern'd, in both Extreams did move,
Not ſhrunk by Hate, nor bloated by her Love.

Heavens had you ſeen! and 'twas a Glorious Sight,
The waving Fields, with Iron Harveſts bright!
Where VVar in all its Noble Pomp appear'd,
Set out, to make it both belov'd, and fear'd;
My Sons diſtinguiſh'd by their Generous air,
Succeſs, and Vigour, in their Faces wear.
Theſe ne'er knew fear, but what to God they paid;
But Courted Labours, and with Danger play'd:

With

With ſteady Eyes on its grim Front could gaze,
And gil'd the Bitter Pill with hopes of Praiſe.
Namur, a Goodly Town before them ſtands,
Riſes on high, and the wide Plain Commands.

Here the Choice Youth of Noble *Gallia* came,
Whom Love and Emulation ſpurr'd to Fame.
A Brave rough General did their Squadrons Head,
From Tender Years to War and Conqueſt bred.
With ſettl'd looks he in the Front appears,
Smooths o're his Doubts, and checks his riſing Fears:
For Fear they muſt, where *WILLIAM* does Engage,
Born to Revenge Religion, and the Age.
As ſome Huge Lion, in his Savage Reign,
Whom Night, and Hunger Rouze, to beat the Plain;
Finds a Proud Herd of Luſty Bulls enclos'd,
And Walls, and Bars, to his fear'd Force oppos'd.
With ſullen Joy he Ranges round the Pale,
Reſolv'd t' Aſſault, and certain to Prevail.
So he each Work explores, and marches round,
To ſee where eaſieſt paſſage may be found.
His Captains breathing Fierceneſs, face the Wall,
Impatient 'till the Lively Trumpets Call;
Then by their fiery haſt it does appear,
Courage can give us ſwifter wings than Fear.

Thro'

Thro' ſhowring Ruines they the Baſtions Scale,
Force the beſt Troops, and e'ry where prevail.

In what high Flights does Man his Fame purſue!
And the loſt Empire, Heaven once gave, renew!
In vain the Elements oppoſe his way,
Nature, and Fear, in vain Command his ſtay!

Aſpiring *Dædalus* durſt boldly ply,
With borrow'd VVings the ſurface of the Sky,
And taught his Body, with his Thoughts to fly.

His heart was by no Storms no Tempeſts quell'd,
(But tougher than the Oak in which he ſail'd,)
VVho firſt the Sea in unknown Veſſels ply'd;
Truſting the faithleſs VVinds, and faithleſs Tide,
And where one VVorld of Dangers fail'd, another try'd.

My Sons thro' Deaths and Fire ruſht bravely on;
And midſt the Flames with brighter Virtues ſhone.
Tho' hollow Mines ſunk deep in certain Graves,
And made the Earth more treacherous than the VVaves.

Above theſe Storms my Royal Hero bore
The ſame clear Mind, and ſettl'd Judgment wore.

As ſome fair Mountain tow'ring o're the Plain,
Where everlaſting Peace and Sweetneſs Reign;
Riſes above the Clouds, and hears below
The ſwelling Tempeſts in vain tumults flow.
The *French* retiring ſtill new hazzards frame,
Still line their Works, and inch out Life and Fame;
To their bare Walls diſputing Poſt by Poſt,
That we ſcarce won more bravely than they loſt.
So when high Feavers thro' rank Bodies glide,
Proudly inſulting o're the tainted Tide;
Thro' the parch'd Veins they hunt retreating Life,
Which ſtruggles, and ſtill ſtands th' unequal ſtrife:
Till loſing ground, and beat from every part,
The ſhuddering Spirits croud around the Heart;
Here they a while their laſt weak Efforts try,
Then, burſting in deep groans, together flye.
Methinks! the Loud Triumphant Shouts I hear!
The pleaſing Sound ſtill ecchoes in my Ear!
Oh! may I never other Accents know,
But my full Joys in Peace and *WILLIAM* flow!

Thus ſhe her Great Deliverer did declare;
And *Neptune* thus confirm'd her Pious Care.

'Tis juſt you ſhould the Man in Raptures Praiſe,
Who thro' ſuch Dangers does your Honour raiſe.

Who for your ſake, ſharp Toils, and broken Nights,
Prefers before rich Peace, and ſoft Delights.
But hear what ſmiling Fate Decrees, and know,
What Greater Bleſſings you muſt *WILLIAM* owe.

I ſee New Laurels ſpringing on his Brow!
While at his Feet, Conſenting Nations bow!
He comes! He comes! Ador'd by Ancient Foes!
And Glorious Peace does paſt Diſorders cloſe.
Your Stains, and Droſs, by War quite purg'd away,
Plenty, and Joy, ſhall flow without Allay.

He Spoke------the *Tritons* caught the grateful ſound,
And from their Vocal Shells diſperſt it round.
The Neighbouring Floods the wond'rous Ecchoes hear,
And round the World the Heroe's Glory bear.

FINIS.